DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XV., No. 22. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1880. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

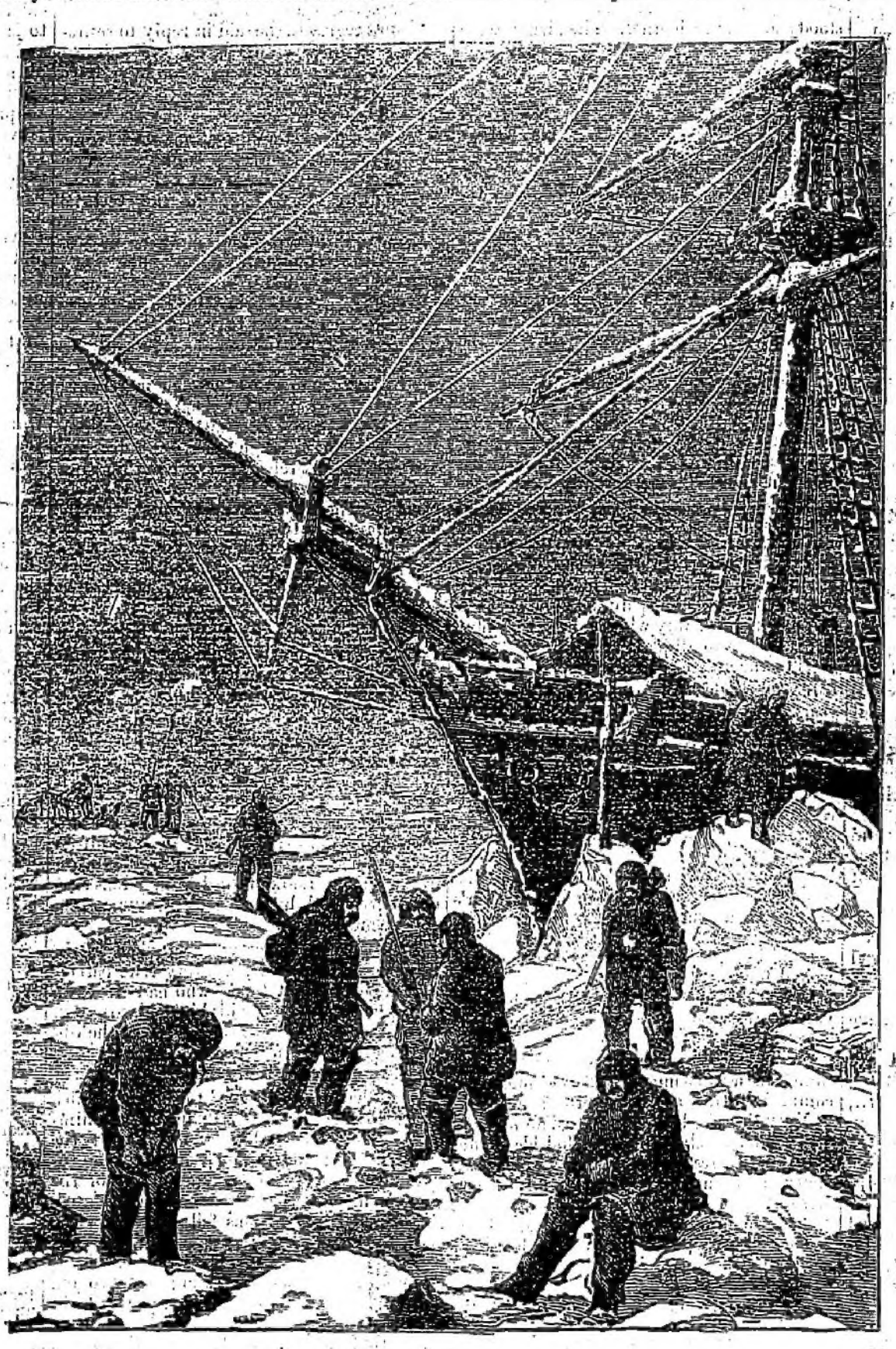
A WINTER IN THE ICE.

There are no stories of peril and privation more stirring than those which come from the far north regions, where points, bays, and inlets by their names bring to the memory heroic deeds and terrible disasters. Davis Strait, Hudson Strait, Baffin's Bay, Fox Channel, Parry Island, Franklin Channel, Lady Franklin Bay, Hall Land, Kane Basin and numerous other names each has a history which never can lose its interest.

Arctic discovery may be said to have opened in the year 1819 with the brilliant voyage of Captain Parry and Lieutenant Matthew Liddon in the vessels "Hecla" and "Griper." They sailed Lancaster Sound, passed Barrow's Strait, explored Prince Regent Inlet, and then returning to the main channel had the satisfaction of announcing to their men that, having reached 110 west longitude, they were entitled to the king's bounty of £5,000, secured by order of Council to "such of His Majesty's subjects as might succeed in penetrating thus far to the west within the arctic circle." Farther west they still went, passing Melville Island, but the ice was gathering so rapidly that the commanders had to turn back and put up into Winter harbor, to enter which the sailors were compelled to cut a canal, two miles and a third in length, through solid ice of seven inches thickness. This was in November; but in December the cold was such as they had no previous idea of.

In January the cold became more and more intense. On the 12th it was 31° below zero in the open air, and on the 14th the thermometer fell to 54°. On February 24th a fire broke out in a small house which had been built near the ships, to serve as an observatory for Captain Sabine, who accompanied the expedition as an astronomer. All hands rushed to the spot to endeavor to subdue the flames, but having only snow to throw on them, it was found impossible to extinguish them. The thermometer was at this time 44° below zero, and the faces of nearly the whole party grew white and frost-bitten after five minutes' exposure, so that the surgeon and two or three assistants were busily employed in rubbing the faces of their comrades with snow, while the latter were working might and main to extinguish the flames. One poor fellow, in his anxiety to save the dipping-needle, carried it out without putting on his gloves; his hands were so benumbed in consequence that when plunged into a basin of cold water it instantly froze.

It was not until August 1st that the ships were released from their ten months' blockade in Winter harbor, when Parry once more stood for the west, but the icy barriers were impassable, and he steered for London, where he arrived on November 3rd, 1820, and, as may be expected, received a most hearty reception.



SAFE FOR TEN MONTHS.

We have but room for an allusion to perhaps the longest and most dreary incarceration in the ice fields. In 1829 Captain John Ross, in command of the "Victory," sailed from Liverpool to discover the North-West Passage. The first season ended well. On August 10th, 1829, the "Victory" entered Prince Regent's Inlet and after passing along five hundred miles of newly discovered coast, took refuge in Felix harbor for the winter.

After twelve months' imprisonment the "Victory" was released from the ice on September 17th, and proceeded once more on her discoveries. But the period of her liberty was short, for, after advancing three miles in one continued battle against the currents and the drift ice, she again froze fasten days later.

During the time of their incarceration the ships' crew were not idle, for during the first spring James Ross, the captain's nephew, made a sledge journey to the west, discovering King William's Sound and King William's Land, and during the second planted the British flag on the site of the Northern Magnetic Pole.

On August 28th, 1831, the "Victory"—after a second imprisonment of eleven months—was worked into open water; but after spending a whole month to advance four miles, became encompassed by the ice on September 27th.

The next summer the prospect of extricating the "Victory" was no better than before, and the crew left the vessel and with much difficulty travelled over the ice to Fury Beach to take advantage of the provisions and stores which had been left there by Parry and by the aid of which they hoped to reach Davis Straits. But after making the attempt they were compelled to spend still another winter in the dreary ice-land, the fourth of their imprisonment.

The following summer was waited for with the intensest interest. With beating hearts they embarked at Batty Bay on August 15th, and making their way slowly amongst the masses of ice with which the inlet was incumbered, they to their great joy found on the 17th the wide expanse of Barrow's Strait open to navigation. They pushed on until on the 25th they rested in a good harbor on the eastern shore of Navy Board Inlet, and at four o'clock on the following morning were roused from their slumber by the joyful intelligence that a ship was in sight. Never did men work harder to reach it or to give signs of their presence, but the elements were against them and the ship disappeared in the distant haze. After a few hours' suspense, the sight of another vessel lying to in a calm relieved their despair. This time their exertions were more successful, and strange to say the ship which took them on board was the "Isabella," the very one in which Captain Ross had made his first voyage to the Arctic seas, fifteen years before.

Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

V.

Fifty-six times had the moon waxed and waned since that eventful night.

It was a lovely morning in early summer. The old bell of St. Paul's had just struck the hour of eight; the million-peopled city was all astir. Very cheering the pleasant sunshine seemed to the myriad pedestrians who were hurrying to their various avocations.

Two gentlemen were walking along the Strand engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was short and thickly built. His bearded face glowed with quiet, scarce-repressible humor. His step was firm and independent, and he walked with his hands behind him under the tails of his coat. The other gentleman was tall, graceful in manner, and very anxious-looking. His handsome face was bronzed, his dark eyes were restless and piercing. He looked like a man who had travelled much and had seen much of the world.

Mr. F——, the shorter gentleman—a wealthy builder, by the way—suddenly broke short the conversation by exclaiming, as he pointed across the road, 'There, what d'ye think of that? That's what I call elegance and substantialness combined: and a very happy combination too. Ha! ha! Plenty of room for improvement in our street architecture, you think, eh?'

Yes; Mr. Sharland assented abstractedly, perhaps there was. Then a confabulation was commenced about American buildings, and buildings in general.

'I'll show you a concern presently,' said the enthusiastic little builder, 'worthy of the grandest city in the world. I'm just going to run in to have five minutes with the architect. A fine fellow! Clever and——'

'Pardon me,' said Mr. Sharland, interrupting; 'but while I think of it, have you heard anything lately of my brother-in-law, Bates?'

'Bates!' echoed Mr. F——. 'Oh, to be sure, he married your sister; well, I quite forgot.' A strange roguish smile played round his mouth and lurked at the corners of his small gray eyes. 'He was sold up some five or six years ago, and went off to Liverpool or some where, like a shot. I lost sight of him for some time, and I believe he got down very poor; but he is doing well now, to my certain knowledge.'

'How? where? where is he?' asked Sharland, breathlessly.

'Heyday! prythee keep cool, old fellow; remember, 'tis June.'

'Excuse me, Mr. F——, I'm anxious to know. During the past few years I have suffered much. At times I have despaired of ever finding my sister again.'

'But how is it you ever lost sight of them, Sharland.'

'By the merest bit of thoughtlessness. I wrote to my sister when I left Charleston, and told her to defer answering me until I sent her a proper address. She must have received it, as I afterward concluded, just as they were starting for Liverpool. I was just then giving up my connection with the Manchester house that I was travelling for, and was about to engage with an American firm. One day the thought occurred to me that she might have addressed a letter to the Post Office at New Orleans; and on enquiry I found that one had lain there a long time for me; it contained sad news and was dated from Liverpool. I was then about to start for home, and you may suppose how great was my disappointment on arriving and enquiring for them in the locality she mentioned, to be told that no one of their name was known about there. I have since then crossed the Atlantic three or four times, but each time I returned to England my stay was necessarily so short that I was utterly unable to make thorough enquiries about them. Will you give me their address, Mr. F——?'

'Yes, in a minute,' said the tantalizing builder. 'Just step in here with me; I've a little business to transact.'

They had turned into a by-street and were now at the door of a handsome house. Mr. F—— gave a noisy rap, and then turned his back to the door, placing his pert, consequential little figure in such a position that the brass plate should not be visible to Sharland.

'Master at home?' was his laconic query to the servant. He was evidently no stranger there, for without waiting her reply, he commenced a quick march to the first door on the left of the hall.

'Come in,' cried he to Sharland.

Perceiving the apartment empty, he bounced out again, saying, 'Call the master quickly, my good girl.'

'I feel like some one who has no right here,' said Sharland, with a smile.

'All the right in the world, my dear fellow. I'll introduce you in a trice.'

A child's musical laugh rang through the hall, and a deep, manly voice was heard saying, 'I'll catch you, you rogue!' Then the door was flung wide open, and a little boy bounded in, his cheeks glowing with excitement; but, seeing two gentlemen, he coyly shrank back, and the next minute his face was hidden in his father's morning gown.

'You see, I'm with you bright and early this fine morning. I just want five minutes with you; but I beg pardon—allow me—Mr. Sharland, Mr. Bates.'

There was no regard paid to the rule of etiquette as the two last-named gentlemen stood staring at each other. Then hands were grasped. Such a grasp!

'Frederick Sharland!'

'Alexander Bates!'

As they thus stood face to face the eyes of both were moistened with tears; and while a few eager, earnest sentences were exchanged, the dapper little builder stood at the window regarding the passers-by with uncommon interest, and anon making a noise with his pocket-handkerchief, suggestive of the explosion of a miniature powder-magazine.

'Where is Marian?' said Sharland.

'You'll find her in the room at the farther end of the hall.' Thither he immediately repaired, and knocked gently at the door.

'Come in,' said the well-known voice—his sister's voice. He entered. It was a pleasant room, tastefully furnished. A young lady was standing near the window picking faded leaves from a few choice flowers that bloomed there. She had just finished arranging a vase of flowers on the nicely laid breakfast-table.

A matronly-looking lady was sitting in an easy chair with a little girl of three summers on her lap, who was impatiently waiting whilst mamma, with pardonable pride, was looping up the dainty white sleeves with blue ribbon, so as to display the round dimpled arms to the greatest advantage.

A young gentleman of some seven or eight years was sitting on the carpet, puffing and panting and pushing back the brown curls from his heated brow. 'Harry musn't play at ball this weather; he gets two warm,' said his mother. Then perceiving a stranger in the room, instead of the servant, as she supposed, the speaker rose hurriedly and made an apology.

'Marian! dear sister!' and before she could speak she was clasped in her brother's arms. Then came a flood of happy, thankful tears.

'Oh, Fred, what a weary time we have waited for you!'

'And what a weary search I have had for you, dearest; but, thank God, you are found at last.'

The young lady at the window was looking round in astonishment. In a moment she comprehended it all, and approached. 'This is Mary?' asked Sharland, as he stooped and tenderly saluted her. 'God bless you, dear child! I scarcely recognize you—grown almost a woman. Where's my little pet, Jessie?'

A shade flitted across the mother's brow as she said softly, 'She sleeps away in Liverpool, Fred.'

'Nay, Marian! not dead?'

'Not dead, but sleeping,' returned the mother.

He placed his hand across his eyes, and said with emotion, 'Oh, Marian, I expected to see her sweet face once again. Will you tell me all about it?'

'I cannot just now, Fred. Wait awhile.'

There was a solemn, tearful silence. Sharland broke it by saying, 'Time works sad changes.'

'And happy ones, too, thank God!' returned Mrs. Bates.

'Marian!' said her brother, suddenly; 'how was it I could not find you in Liverpool?'

'Oh, Fred! I have remembered with much pain that I forgot to tell you we had changed our name. It was so thoughtless, but at the time of writing we were in such great distress.' After a pause she added: 'I tried to get your address through the Manchester house, but failed; and we tried every way to find you out. I have grieved much and often about it.'

'How strange that it should be so!' said Sharland, musingly.

Just then two fine lads came in. Mr. Sharland rose to meet them.

'John and Fred,' said Mrs. Bates. 'Boys, this is your long-lost uncle.'

After greetings and much chat, Mrs. Bates explained, 'They are home for their holidays just now. Mary arrived only yesterday. How delightful to have such a happy meeting!' Her eyes were filled with tears.

'I hope excess of happiness will not blunt your appetites,' said Mr. Bates, entering the room just then with his youngest boy. 'Mary, my darling, the table looks quite gay with your charming flowers; and they are well arranged,' he added, playfully stroking his daughter's hair.

Whilst little Harry was getting the large Bible on the table, and placing the chairs, Mr. Bates was standing by the window conversing in low tones with Sharland.

'Don't regret it,' he said in reply to something just uttered by the latter. 'Doubtless it was ordered for the best. I might perhaps have looked too much to you; as it was I leant only upon God.'

'How did this reformation work come about?' asked Sharland, smiling. 'You are the last man in the world I should have expected to see shining in the teetotal ranks.'

Bates did not reply for a minute—he was looking down thoughtfully on the floor; and as he raised his head, he said slowly, as if musing, 'And a little child shall lead them.' Then he proceeded to speak briefly of Jessie's death, and the circumstances attending it, not omitting to mention the disinterested kindness of the Liverpool merchant; and in conclusion said, 'That turning over a new leaf was hard work, but I tell you, Fred, what I went through then—the battling against the most terrible of all besetting sins, and all that—was nothing in comparison to what I experienced whilst going down. "The way of transgressors is hard"—hard!' he repeated, with emphasis. 'Never were truer words uttered than those.'

'Are you an abstainer, Fred?' he asked suddenly, with changed tone.

'Well, no!' replied Sharland; 'but as you know I am particularly moderate, I cannot think I shall ever overstep the mark.

'Nor do I think you will,' said Mr. Bates; 'Still you are not out of danger. If any one had told me once that I should have done so, I should have scorned the bare mention of such a thing; but—you see. Well, here is a motive for you—"the weak brother." Oh, those weak ones! It harrows one's soul to think of them in the midst of such manifold temptations. Look at the allurements on every hand! Look at the drinking dens that can be counted by hundreds in our street. It's shameful!'

Mr. Bates always grew warm when touching upon this theme, as every true patriot would be expected to do who had a wealth of love in his heart for his kin and country.

Turning his head at that moment, he observed that the servants were in the room, and that all were waiting for him.

Mr. Sharland proceeded to the seat which Master Harry had assigned him close by himself. Then the father—the priest of the household—read in clear, beautifully-modulated tones, the sweet words, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him;'—and so on. Then prayer was uttered—such prayer! rising from hearts that remembered the wormwood and the gall. Sometimes as it gushed up, it fell from the lips in broken words: but was it less acceptable for that? God knoweth!

In conclusion, we may say, for the satisfaction of the enquiring reader, that upon a plain white marble tablet that adorns the quiet grave of a little child, is recorded the very day of the month and year on which Alexander Bates 'turned over a new leaf,' and it is written immediately after the words, 'To the beloved memory of Jessie Bates, who fell asleep in Jesus.'

THE GLASS OF GIN;

OR, WHEN IT IS SAFEST TO RUN.

"Go the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbor, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit-trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sunday-scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another.

Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad; but he thought that the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a public-house, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. Ay, thought I, this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor. Presently after, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door.

"'Why, sir,' said he, 'not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard; my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the public-house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drank it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pouring out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I know too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it I am safe.'

"Well, thought I, I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now it will be a good thing, if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-cheeked apple, as a man is by a glass of gin."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, not sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Psalm 1: 1.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, written by the Rev. Sidney Smith in 1828, is a good temperance sermon: "My Dear Lady Holland: Many thanks for your kind anxiety respecting my health. I am not only better, but never felt half so well. Indeed, I find I have been very ill all my life without knowing it. Let me state some good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep—having never known what sound sleep was. I sleep like an infant or plough-boy. If I awake, no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and recollections. Holland House past and to come! If I dream it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can have longer walks and make greater exertions without fatigue. My understanding is improved. I can comprehend political economy. I see better without wine or spectacles than when I used both. Pray leave off wine! The stomach quite at rest; no heart-burn; no pain; no distention. One evil only ensues from it. I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood or look for some one who will bore or depress me."

ANY SAINT or sinner who dreams that the principle of prohibition will ever prevail to any considerable extent without the most earnest and persistent effort is laboring under a delusion. Whenever there is an opportunity to write a line or speak a word, the opportunity must be improved most faithfully. In the church and Sabbath-school, at home and elsewhere, in season and out of season, there must be constant energetic work. Somehow or other New England, which is now the deadest part of the North on the question of temperance, must be waked up.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHY CHILDREN ARE HUNGRY.

The process of bolting or refining takes from the wheat most of the phosphates and nitrates, the elements that are chiefly required for making nerves, muscles, bones and brains. The phosphates and nitrates, being removed by bolting, very little remains in the flour except the carbonates, the heat and fat-producing elements. The use of fine-flour bread as a staple article of food, introduces too much heat and fat-producing elements into the system, and where there is too much carbon or heating element, it tends rather to provoke the system to unnatural and abnormal action, and instead of serving as an element to warm the body, its tendency is to burn or consume, heating and irritating all the organs, getting one into that state which is popularly known as "hot-blooded."

One reason why children fed chiefly on white bread feel hungry nearly all the time, and demand so much food between meals, is found in the fact that their bodies are insufficiently nourished. Their bones and nerves not receiving the nitrates and phosphates they need, are suffering from hunger. When children are fed with food that thoroughly nourishes the whole system, they will seldom desire to eat between meals, and thus retard the process of digestion, laying the foundation for dyspepsia and all its kindred evils.

Flour made of white wheat, unbolted, popularly known as Graham flour, contains all the elements necessary for the nourishment of the body. Not every flour called Graham flour contains these elements. There is a great deal of bogus stuff in the market, which has brought the genuine article into disrepute, and made many thoughtful people disgusted with everything in that line.—*Phrenological Journal.*

BONE FOOD FOR POULTRY.

Lewis Wright, of London, in his Book of Poultry, makes special mention of the value of bone dust and bone meal, and considers it one of the most valuable of all known aids to the successful rearing of poultry. Laying fowls need bone constantly, as it is largely made up of material which enters into the composition of eggs and shells, and besides contains animal matter of great value to the fowls, when freshly ground. For old birds, bone may be fed in the form of finely ground meal, mixed with soft food or coarsely ground into bits the size of a kernel of corn, or smaller. In the latter form, the hardest fragments perform a double purpose by assisting the gizzard for a time, with its grinding operations. For this purpose, ground oyster shells are also exceedingly valuable, and the very hard and flinty fragments do good service from the time they are eaten until fully digested. Bone matter contains a great deal of real nutriment, and saves its value (when bought at reasonable rates) in other food.

The large fowls, Brahmas, Cochins, &c., are subject to leg weakness, and every breeder of the Asiatics knows how this difficulty has often troubled his best flocks, and puzzled his brain to learn the cause, prevention and cure. Wright states that bone dust (bone meal) is almost a sure prevention for the difficulty, and should always be used as a preventive.

But by far the most important use for bone meal is one that interests alike all who raise fowls for market, and on this point Wright is very positive in his statements. He performed careful experiments to ascertain the exact facts, and always with the same results. From these experiments he learned that all kinds of domestic poultry, and even hogs and other four-footed stock, may be made to grow to a larger size by the use of bone meal, and that the difference is very material. The cause he explains thus: The bone supply must come from those kinds of food largely made up of bone making materials, and when fed in considerable quantities, as when pure, raw bone meal is used, has the effect to keep the bones of the fowl or animal in a soft or growing condition longer than without its use, and therefore to postpone the period of the bones setting or becoming hard. After the bones are hard the increase in size of the fowl may be termed development; previous to that, it is actual growth.—*Farm Housekeeper.*

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENTS.

By all means have the "Village Improvement Society" see that the churches and schoolhouses are fenced in if cattle and swine run at large. Don't let the walks be all in straight lines and at right angles. Let them enter somewhere near the corner of the lot, winding with graceful curves to the entrances as men would naturally walk. Let the street be lined with maples or elms, and set a few evergreens in groups on the church lot where they will be out of the way. Do not set those in straight lines. Evergreens may be made to live as easily as any other trees, and now is a good time to move them. The roots, except those of the coarser pines, are fine and fibrous, and when once the resinous sap in them is dried, as it will be by a few minutes' exposure to the air, no amount of soaking will restore it. If you go to the nursery yourself and spread an old carpet or blanket in your waggon, and lift the trees carefully with as much earth as you can take up with them, and then set them on the blanket and draw it up around them as the earth cannot be shaken off, and set them out at once on reaching home in holes already prepared, and then put a wheelbarrow load of sawdust around each so as to keep the ground moist, you will scarcely ever fail to make your trees live and it will not be necessary to water them. I seldom water mine and have had good success. Twenty months ago on one of the hottest and most windy days in August I moved three Norway spruces, five, eight and ten feet high respectively. I mulched them thoroughly with sawdust, and occasionally for weeks drew in a tub full of water, and, letting it stand in the sun all day, at sun-down threw two pails of water on the foliage of each tree and let it trickle down to the roots. Those trees are all alive and vigorous. Who will be the first to fix up around the church and plant some evergreens?—*The Advance.*

RECEPTACLE FOR SOILED LINEN.

Take an ordinary flour barrel, line it with paper muslin, and on the outside cover it with cretonne laid in box-plaits. Around the top finish with a lambrequin made of turkey-red, with cretonne flowers transferred on the centre of each point. Cover the lid with cretonne inside and out, and put a full plaiting of the same round the edge. For the handle on top use an iron trunk-handle. The tassels on lambrequin are made of worsted corresponding with the colors in the cretonne. By leaving the handle off the top, and having the lid large enough to fit over, instead of the ordinary way, the barrel can stand in a room and be used for a table.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

ICE-WATER.

A writer strives in the following protest to arrest undue indulgence in drinking ice-water. He says:

There is no more doubt that drinking ice-water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration.

It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact.

An able writer on human diseases says: "Habitual ice-water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach.

"They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after is is bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion.

"If they are intelligent, they read upon food and what the physiologist has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes to go through the process of assimilation.

"But the ice-water goes down all the same."

MATS.

Very pretty mats may be made of old dresses which are too much worn to be useful otherwise. Cut berege, delaine or any other thin goods into bias strips, an inch and a half or two inches wide, ravel these out on the edges, which can be done quite fast with a large darning needle, then gather them through the middle with a coarse thread, and sew on a piece of coarse unbleached muslin burlaps, or coffee-bag.

Suppose you have a gray dress and a black one, with some pieces of red or blue. Mark off on your foundation a border—(if a small mat) say, four inches wide—fill in the centre with the gray, sewing it in strips from side to side. Cut it off at each end and commence each strip from the same side. It would be best to gather each strip separately, and sew it on with the same thread; gather it very full and tight, and be careful in sewing it on, to have the lines straight, although when done no lines should be visible, but it should look like a soft, tufted surface. When the centre is in—a border of red or blue may be sewed all around the grey square—and the wide border be put in with the black, edged again with the red or blue. We have given you a very simple pattern. Try this, and if you like it you can vary your colors and designs, and you will be surprised to find what really pretty rugs you can make out of almost nothing. A few days ago we saw at a friend's house a beautiful rug made also of rags. These rags were cut in strips one-third of an inch wide and four inches long, and knitted to strips—silks, woollens, and even cotton can be worked into such a rug as this. The centre of the rug we speak of was made of the colors put in indiscriminately—mostly gray and white, with blue, yellow and red scattered here and there—the border was shaded bright red next to the centre, and growing darker out to the edge, which was black.

To make it, set, on small bone needles with coarse white or brown knitting cotton, twenty-five stitches; knit once across plain. Second row: knit one, put the needle into the next stitch, and before you put your thread over, lay across it one of the pieces you have prepared; now knit your stitch, then bring the other end of the strip to the front and knit the next stitch; put another strip in the next stitch as before, and put the other end forward after you knit it, and so go on till you have finished the row. Knit the next row plain, and so on till you have it about five-eights of a yard in length. It will require three or four of these strips for the centre, and they are to be sewed together on the wrong side. The border is knit in the same way and sewed on. Line it with burlaps or an old piece of carpet; knit a fringe of the same strips cut longer, and of suitable colors, and sew on each end. Both of these mats will require to be clipped smooth to give the proper effect.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Chicken Salad.—Put the chickens after they are cleaned and washed into a deep dish and steam till tender, or boil in very little water if you have no steamer. Cut the meat all off in small pieces, dark and light unless desirous of an elegant dish for company or show. Cut up fine well-cleaned, tender white celery, having an equal quantity with the meat (a pint for a pint). Mix well together. Add four hard-boiled eggs chopped fine to every quart of the chicken and celery; and, if liked, one small potato rolled till perfectly smooth. Beat in half a teacup (not coffeecup) of softened butter, a teaspoonful each of pepper, salt and mustard. Beat three raw eggs together very thoroughly, and pour into this mixture, pouring it gently with one hand while beating all together with the other. When these are thoroughly incorporated with the whole beat in a half cup (scant) of vinegar or sour orange juice. Instead of butter salad oil may be used. It is always used instead of butter by those who do not dislike the flavor.

Economic Entomology in the Public Schools.—The only way to bring this practical science to agricultural minds generally, to the class with whom it is of greatest importance, is, to require that it be taught in all the public schools. It is a kind of knowledge which the young country student grasps easily and successfully when deprived of its unessential technicalities. Of such practical consequence is it that it had better be taught even at the expense of almost any other study of the usual courses, and some attention to it would be a great relief from unnecessary problems in abstractions which are often inflicted to a useless extent in early training. It is a sad consequence of the failure to teach natural science in the public schools that our cultivators do not recognize their own interest and duty with reference to insects, and need to be forced by law to a sense of its importance. Words persuade, but examples convince. Let every intelligent farmer help demonstrate it for the good of himself and others.—*W. S. B. in Am. Entomologist for July.*

A Correspondent of the *Chicago Times* relates some remarkable experiences with the use of salt in his garden and orchard. In 1877, he says, his wife had a garden forty feet square which it was necessary to water every day, and still the plants and flowers were very inferior. The next year he put half a barrel of brine and half a barrel of salt on the ground and turned it under. That season watering could be dispensed with, and the plants were of unusual size and the flowers of great beauty. He also had some potatoes growing from seed that wilted down as soon as the weather became very hot. He applied salt to the surface of the soil till it was white. The vines took a vigorous start, grew to the length of three feet, blossomed and produced tubers from the size of hen's eggs to that of goose eggs. His soil is chiefly sand.

Drawn Butter for Fish.—Beat together one small cup of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour until very smooth. Pour over this one gill of boiling water, stirring it quickly. When smooth set the saucepan over the fire and let it boil once. If liked tie up four sprigs of parsley, put them for a moment into boiling water, then take out, cut up very fine and stir into the batter Sprigs of parsley laid round the dish when set on the table are the usual garnishing. Egg sauce for boiled fish is made by pouring drawn butter, made like the above, over two or three hard boiled eggs, chopped very fine. Some like a little Reading or Worcestershire sauce put into egg sauce.

Boiled Halibut.—The tail piece is usually thought best. It certainly can be used that way to the best advantage. Next to that a thick solid piece is the best. Flour a fish cloth (such cloth should never be used for any other purpose), wrap the fish in it and pin the cloth round neatly. Put it into cold water, well salted, let it come slowly to a gentle boil. After the water boils let the fish cook a half hour longer. Serve with drawn butter or egg sauce. Slice two or three hard boiled eggs and lay over the fish; and pour a little of the sauce over it also.

Hickory-nut Cake.—Two cups white sugar and one of butter, beaten to a stiff cream; then add one cup new milk, four cups sifted flour, one tablespoonful vanilla, if liked, or spice with nutmeg and cinnamon; stir three teaspoonfuls baking powder into the flour thoroughly before putting it to the milk. When all these ingredients are well mixed sprinkle flour over one and a half cups of hickory-nut meats (broken up pretty fine), and add the last thing with the whites of eight eggs beaten stiff. Bake slowly one hour.

Savory Biscuits.—Take twelve eggs, their weight in powdered sugar, and half their weight in fine flour; beat up the yolks with the sugar, adding a little grated lemon peel and orange-flower water; whip the whites separately into a stiff froth, mix with the other, then stir in the flour and beat the whole together; butter a mould and put in your mixture; bake in a moderately warm oven. These biscuits are very light and delicate.

Delicious Pineapple Custard.—On the day before you wish to use the custard, peel and pick to pieces with two forks a nice pineapple. Put plenty of sugar over it and set away. Next day make a custard as above, and when cool mix with the pineapple, which will have become soft and luscious, and thoroughly sweetened.

I Never knew any one that was too good or too smart to be a farmer. The blue sky, the balmy breezes and green fields never tainted any pure man's morality, or dwarfed any noble man's intellectual ability.—*Lambie.*

FRIENDLESS BOB.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II. *(Continued.)*

Next morning Bob woke early, and feeling very hungry—for tarts, however fascinating, are not of a supporting nature—he ventured to approach the cottage, and to his relief found it empty. It was not uncommon for the old woman to go off on the tramp, sometimes for days together, without any warning, and the ill-used boy was always glad when this was the case; utter loneliness was better than constant abuse. And now he was not utterly alone; there was another to think of as well as himself; and Bob got Jerry some breakfast of chaff and bran before he made his own of scraps, which he found in the cupboard. Then he began his day's work.

Several weeks passed, and July was close at hand, with its hot days, lovely nights, and luxuriant verdure. Evident symptoms were apparent in the little seaside village that "the season" was about to commence. Houses put on their most inviting aspect; some with fresh coatings of paint, all with clean windows and snowy curtains, and the little garden in front gay with flowers; the words, "Lodgings to let," being conspicuous in all directions.

On one of these Midsummer days it came to pass that our hero Bob was seized with an idea. The bright summer weeks had passed but slowly to him; his work was hard and monotonous as usual; Mrs. Brown had come back, at first stupid with drink, and then as cross as ever. The boy, however, was not so unhappy as of old; he never could be again—he had entered a new life, the life of unselfishness and love. Poor Bob, he was but at the entrance: ill-temper and obstinacy, thoughts of revenge and the old habit of untruthfulness still hold sway in his heart, but sometimes they were turned out or forgotten, and new happy feelings took their place—affection toward Jerry, who daily returned it with more devotion, watching for his little master's step, and working far better without the discarded stick; hopes for some change in his present life; longings to see his good friend the strange gentleman again, and thoughts of how he had said if he were kind to Jerry, God would be his friend. "And He knows all about granny, and me, and everything," said the boy to himself.

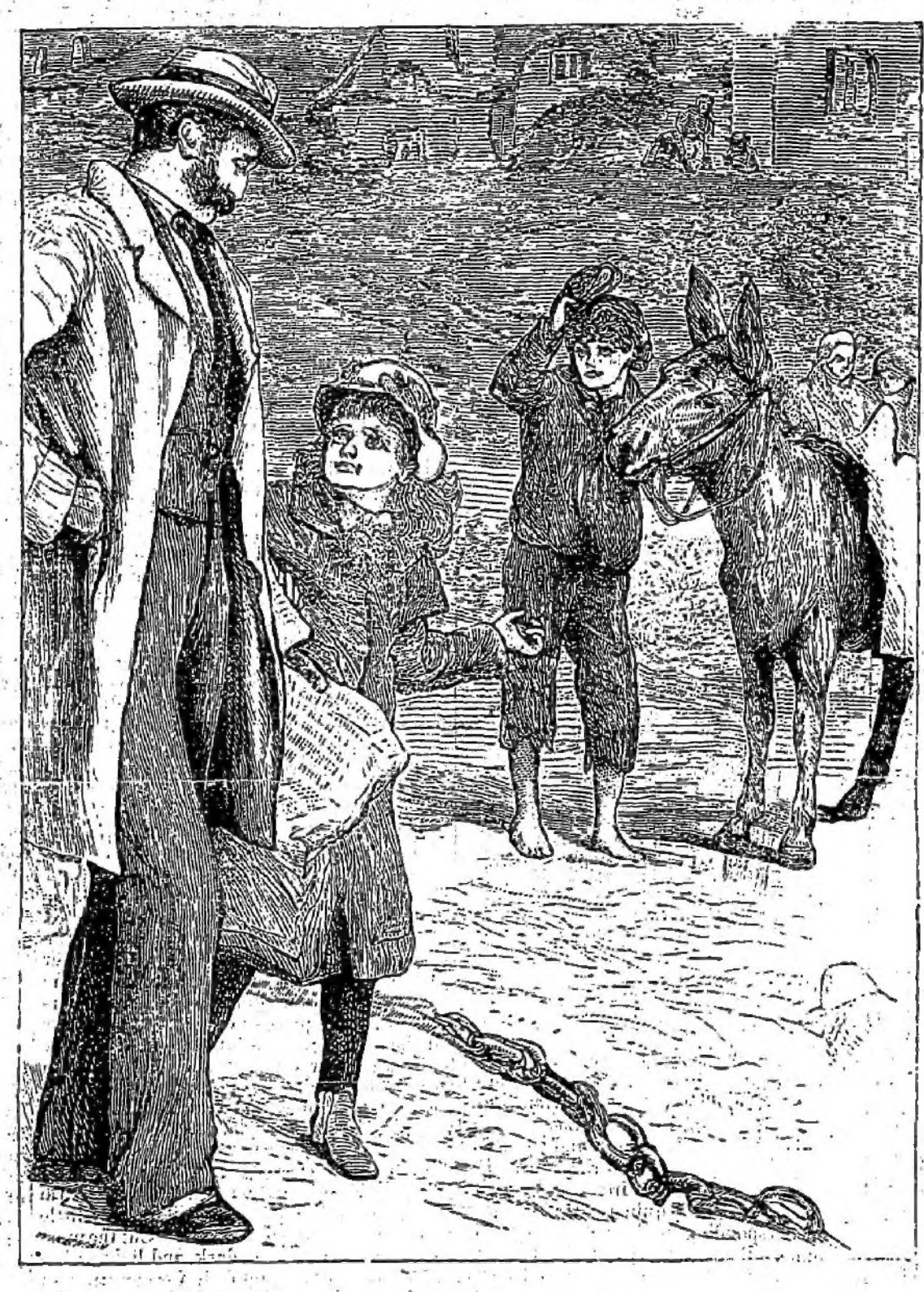
Since Bob had taken to grooming Jerry with an old curry-comb every morning, and saving up the odd halfpence with which he used to buy sweets, toward occasional treats of chopped hay, or a stale loaf, or carrots and cabbages for the donkey, it was wonderful what an improvement had taken place in his appearance. No animal pays more for kindness and attention than a donkey, and ragged, dirty, little half-starved, sulky, miserable Jerry became a lively, handsome animal.

It was while his master was one day admiring him that he suddenly clapped his hand on to the donkey's back, and exclaimed—

"I say, old fellow, you are a regular beauty, and I don't see why you and I shouldn't do a little business this season on the beach! I'll turn donkey-boy, and you'll see if folks don't pick you out."

Bob was so delighted with this idea that he turned head over heels several times before he was brought up standing with a more sober face, as he thought there would be side-saddle and harness to buy. He concluded, however, that it might be managed, and all the rest of that day was spent in plans and schemes and fervent hopes that his grandmother would be in a decent temper that evening, when Bob meant to broach his new suggestion.

Circumstances so far favored him. Granny was in one of her mildest moods, and though she would not have thought it at all right to give in at once to any foolish boy's scheme (her decided conviction being that all boys were silly when *nothing worse*) without putting sundry obstacles in the way, yet she did not say "No," nor did she throw anything at Bob's head and tell him to hold his tongue. So the boy felt encouraged and, warming to his subject, he expatiated on the advantages of the plan, and on Jerry's attractive appearance.



"WHAT A DEAR LITTLE DONKEY! DO LOOK, PAPA."

"Yes, my lad," said the old woman presently, with a cunning look, "I've seen as how you've been a-cockering up that donkey, and treating him for all the world like a gentleman's race-horse. What's your little game—to sell him, eh? I don't say it would be a bad look-out, and get another cheap."

Sell Jerry! Bob's heart sank like lead. "No, no, granny," he cried, when he could speak—"I couldn't sell him!"

"You couldn't sell him! And whom do you suppose he belongs to? Who paid for him, eh, boy? But don't look so glum," she continued, for Bob was speechless with dismay, "I won't sell him till after this grand new scheme of yours has come off. Not that I believe in it, mind you; you'll get larking with the other idle boys, and lose your earnings, and get into no end of mischief. But look here, Bob, if you don't bring your poor granny your earnings to pay her for bringing you up like her own child, I'll put a stop to it all. So now you know."

Thus Bob got the consent he wanted; but with it a most unwelcome reminder of a fact he had never thought of. He had been so accustomed to think of Jerry as his donkey, and had so often heard him spoken of as his, that it had never entered into his head that he belonged to Mrs. Brown. Such, however, was undoubtedly the unpleasant truth, and it spoiled all the boy's pleasure that night.

"You shan't be sold, dear old Jerry—I'll run away with you sooner!" he declared, as he gave the donkey his supper that night.

Old Mrs. Brown congratulated herself, for she thought she could make rather a good thing out of Bob's fears.

And now behold, after a week had passed, a pretty sight upon the sometimes lonely beach at the quiet seaside village. It is not lonely now or quiet. There are children in all directions, digging in the sand, paddling in the little rippling waves, bathing in the blue sea, being rowed in pleasure-boats, being driven in donkey-chaises or riding on donkeys—all shrieking with pleasure and excitement; while curly-coated dogs bark and dash into the sea after bits of stick, and papas, mammas, governesses, and nursemaids in vain try to maintain any kind of order among the young ones. It is as much as they can do to keep them out of the sea, where they seem bent on self-destruction!

And who is this standing among a group of donkey-boys, with smiling look and clean hands and face, and by his side a donkey resplendent in new harness, side-saddle, and white cloth, and on one side of its head a marigold stuck in his bridle, which gives him a jaunty air, which his owner thinks must strike all eyes? Bob and Jerry had been up since daybreak, and the brushing and combing and smoothing down that Jerry had received must have convinced him that something out of common was going to happen, even if he had not understood Bob's frequent communica-

tions on the subject. The saddle, too, was a novel, and perhaps not altogether pleasant sensation at first, but he submitted to it contentedly, as he would to almost anything from his beloved master's hands.

"A donkey-ride, a donkey-ride, mamma! you promised us," cried several eager voices at once, and a merry group approached the stand.

"Donkey, ma'am? donkey, miss?" said several boys, pushing to the front; and presently all the party were mounted, and Jerry had not been chosen. Poor Bob felt much aggrieved; he had not been so quick as his *more knowing* companions, and so had missed his chance. However, he had not to wait long, for donkey-riding is popular among children, and presently he heard the welcome words in a sweet little voice—

"What a *dear* little donkey! Do look, papa—the one with that yellow flower on its head, and the boy seems so fond of it."

"And you want a ride on it, I suppose, Ethel?" said a tall gentleman who was with the little girl.

"Yes, please, papa." And presently she was seated proudly on Jerry's back, with Bob walking no less proudly by his side.

Ethel—who was a pretty little girl with long, fair hair, and skin like wax, Bob thought—chattered all the way, and long before the ride was over she had found out all about Jerry and his master, and had asked far more questions about everything she saw than Bob could possibly answer; in fact, the delight of the walk was somewhat marred by the number of times he had to say, "Don't know, miss." But the young lady didn't seem to mind a bit, and Bob was relieved presently to hear the gentleman whom she called papa, reply to her—

"I can't tell you, chatterbox; don't ask so many questions."

"But I like to know things, papa; and how can I know if I don't ask? I know now that this little boy's name is Bob—isn't it, Bob?—and this is the first day he and Jerry—that is this dear little donkey's name—have been here, and the first time Jerry has ever had any one on his back."

"What an honor for him to carry Miss Ethel Fortescue for the first time!"

"Don't laugh at me, papa," said the child, pouting a pair of pretty red lips.

"I'm sure Jerry feels it so, miss," said Bob, blushing as he paid this compliment

"Good little Jerry, he goes beautifully, and I like him; and, Bob, shall you be here to-morrow?"

"Yes, miss," said Bob.

Because, papa dear, if I have another ride, I'd rather have Bob and Jerry than any one else."

"Yes, I daresay you would. And what is papa to do, pray, while you are spending all your time on donkey-back?"

"Walk by the side, won't you?—you don't mind, do you, papa? Or, perhaps you would like a donkey too."

"No, I think not, thank you. I'm afraid my feet would touch the ground; besides, I shouldn't like you to eclipse me, and Jerry hasn't a brother—has he, Bob?"

Ethel's merry laugh rang through the air, and Bob chuckled.

Just then they met a party of boys and girls on donkeys coming toward them, the donkeys trotting, and each followed by a boy with a large stick. The children laughed, and the boys shouted and hit each donkey that they could reach. Ethel looked distressed; any sign of cruelty hurt her sensitive, loving nature as if it had been a blow on her own fragile little frame.

"Oh, papa, look!" she began. But papa did not need her words. With one stride he had crossed the lane, caught one of the worst offenders, and taking the stick out of the boy's hand, he laid it across his shoulders.

"How do *you* like the feel of a stick?" he asked of the much astonished and whimpering lad.

"You've no right to hit me," said the boy.

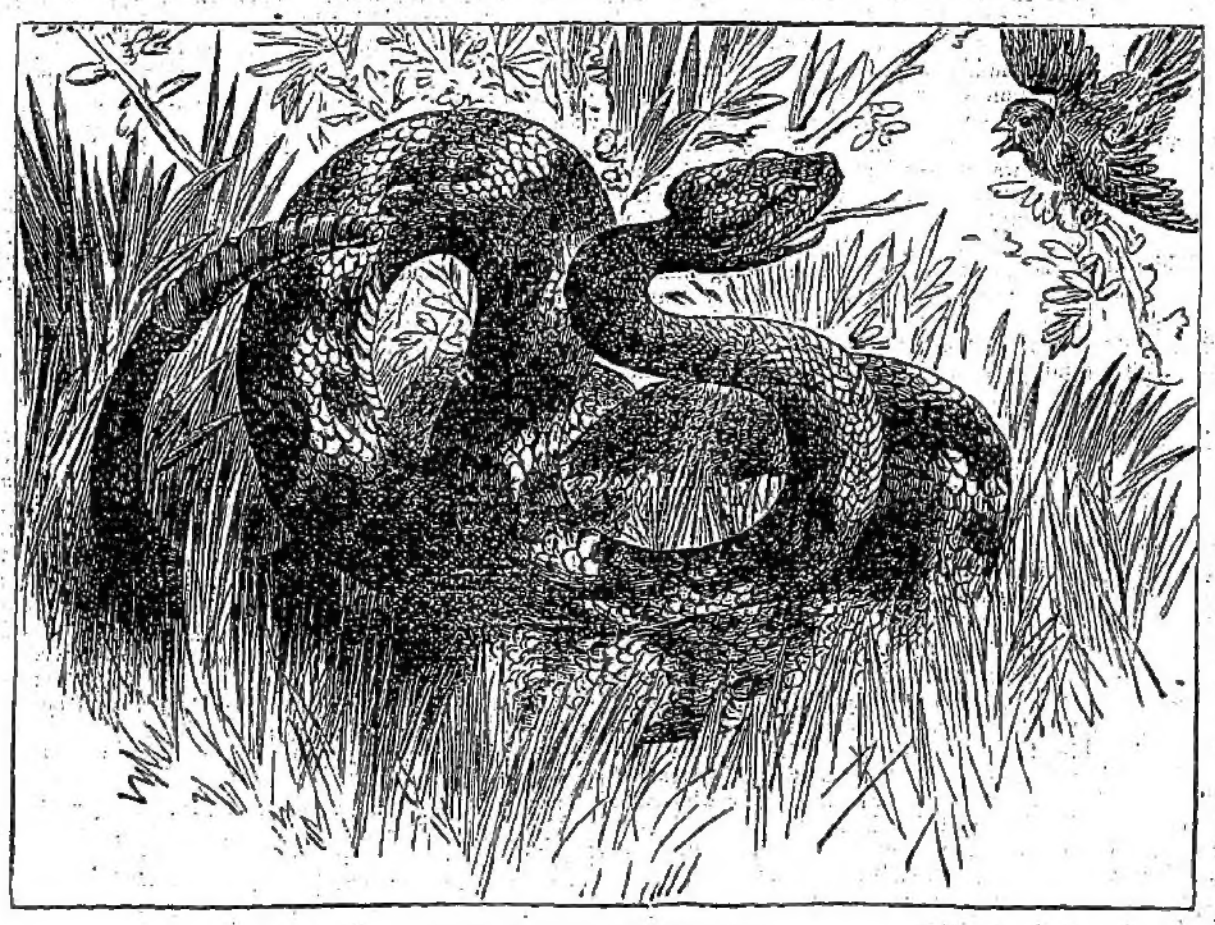
"You have no right to hit a poor dumb creature; don't let me catch you at it again. Look at this boy's donkey, how well it goes, and he never touches it with a stick. You are a cruel boy, I'm afraid."

"Every one beats their donkey," muttered the boy, sulkily, as he walked away. And Bob, who had at first felt pleased to be held up as an example, now hung down his head as he remembered saying these same words to the kind gentleman on the common.

And now the ride came to an end, and with many pats and expressions of endearment, Ethel Fortescue took leave of Jerry, whose master promised that at the same hour on the following day he should be in readiness for another ride.

Bob's next fare was a fat little boy of about three years old, who sat solemnly enjoying himself, while his nursemaid walked close by; and after that a lame girl, who talked to her sister who ran by the side; and then this much thought-of and much longed-for day came to an end, and Bob surveyed his three sixpence, and the extra one that Ethel had given him to buy a plum-cake for Jerry—being very sceptical as to Bob's assurance that he would prefer carrots—with much satisfaction. He was not to go home, except now and then, to see his granny, but had got a bed for himself and a shed for Jerry, who was meanwhile turned out with the other donkeys on the common. And both slept very soundly after the excitement and fatigues of the day.

(To be continued.)



THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

You all know what a snake is, and no doubt a great many of you have seen one in a menagerie, or perhaps in the woods or on the road. Some snakes are perfectly harmless, while a bite from others is certain death. Rattlesnakes rarely attack a man unless provoked, and are sluggish in their movements, unable to spring except from a coil, and are disabled by slight blows. They are said to be very fond of music, like many other serpents. Some Indians are afraid to kill them, lest the spirit of the slaughtered animal should excite its living relatives to avenge its death. Its rattle is supposed by some to be for the purpose of warning animals and man of its vicinity; but as others equally and even more dangerous species have no such apparatus, it is more likely that its use is to startle the squirrels, birds and other creatures upon which it preys from their retreats or for some other purpose for its own welfare rather than the safety of man. The rattle may consist of 20 or 30 pieces, the smallest being at the end. They are securely strung together, each consisting of three. This apparatus is made to vibrate by the muscles of the tail, with a sound like that of peas in a dry pod. Rattlesnakes are capable of attaining to a considerable age, and are tenacious of life under circumstances speedily fatal to most animals.

A man was once walking through a bush when he suddenly came upon a wounded rattlesnake, and, being somewhat of a snake charmer, it at once excited his sympathies, so, picking it up tenderly, he carried it home, where it was carefully nursed and restored to health and retained as a pet in the family. The children played with it and even baby might be seen with her dimpled arms clasping its neck. But one day, while the children were having their customary gambols, the snake suddenly coiled itself up and making a spring fastened its fang into the arm of the nearest one. An alarm was speedily given and the father rushing in released it from its fatal grasp, and taking it into the yard immediately killed it. Every effort was made to save the life of the little one, but in vain, as it died in great agony the next day.

In a similar manner, sin very often presents itself in harmless aspects, but when we least expect, like the serpent, it wounds us to the death, we being too accustomed to the rattle to heed its timely warning.

HON. JOHN BRIGHT ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

"If I were a teacher in a school I would make it a very important part of my business to impress every boy and girl with the duty of his or her being kind to all animals. It is impossible to say how much suffering there is in the world from the barbarity and unkindness which people show to what we call the inferior creatures

The Family Circle.

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said,
"If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread,
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never will cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two wrongs where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And 'twere well if some folk, who were greater and richer,
Would copy John Tompkins, the heager and ditcher.

—*Old Poem.*

LED ASTRAY.

A TALE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"But when will he be home?"

The speaker was a little fragile thing of about six summers, with a sweet engaging countenance, poorly clad, and shivering in the bleak March wind. Her brother, to whom she addressed her question, was several years older, his face thoughtful and serious, as though the troubles of life had commenced all too soon for him. Holding his little sister by the hand and leading her carefully along, the expression on his countenance deepened to sadness as he looked fondly down upon her upturned face.

"When will he be home?" he said. "Why, let's see, it was about a month before mother died that he went away. I know it was a month, because I heard mother say to the minister—'He has only been gone a month,' she says, 'out of five years, and what will become of my poor little ones all the time he is gone?' She meant me and you, Jenny, that's who she meant. Well, she died the very next day, I know. It was a Sunday and my birthday was that same week, and I was nine then, and now I'm turned thirteen. Let's see"—counting on his fingers—"ten's one, eleven's two, twelve's three, thirteen's four, fourteen's five. Yes, I know, he'll be home again a month before I'm fourteen; but that'll be a long while yet."

The little one looked disappointed. "Ever so long ago," she said, "Aunt Mary told me that he would be home when I was seven; and I'm nearly seven now, ain't I?"

"No," returned the boy, "you won't be seven for ever so long. I know when you're seven. You're seven next October, and I'm fourteen next December, and father will be home a month before that—that'll be November; but November don't come till the summer's all over, and the summer ain't come yet."

They went on a few steps in silence; then the child said—"Jemmy, what did they take father away for like that? Some little girls at my school said he was in prison. Is he?"

Jemmy looked at her gravely. "They had no business to say so," he said; "and you shouldn't listen to 'em, Jenny. Father will be home by-and-by, and we shall see him again, and then it won't matter where he's been, will it?"

"N—no," replied the little one. "But what did they take him to prison for? Was he naughty?"

"You mustn't ask such questions, Jenny. It's nothing for little girls like you to know; so when he comes we'll only show him how pleased we are to see him. Never mind where he's been."

Whether the child was satisfied or not, she said no more; and her brother soon turned her attention to other subjects. Could he have told her what she wished to know if he had been disposed so to do? Oh yes, the story was graven deeply in his young mind; but it was a story of shame and sin, and he was determined that, if he could prevent it, the little one should never know it.

Five years before this conversation took place, James Waters was a decent though humble member of society. He was a shopman at a small house of business, and although his salary was not large, he was able by care and economy to keep his young wife and two children in comparative comfort. But in an evil hour he formed an acquaintanceship which led to his ruin. Down to this time his companion at the counter was a person older than himself, of upright character, and steady, home-loving habits; and there can be no doubt that whatever there was of worth at this time in the character of James Waters was largely due to the influence of his friend. But this worthy man removed into the country, and was succeeded at the shop by a young man of Waters' own age. George Anson was a smart, intelligent man, fascinating in person and manners, and agreeable in conversation; and, professing a large amount of friendship for his new associate, he speedily established himself in the latter's good opinion. But, as is too often the case, these outward graces of manner covered a vicious and immoral character. The tavern-parlor, and billiard-room, the common music-hall—these were the resorts of George Anson after the day's business was done; and the effects of the night's excesses were scarcely disguised by the forced activity and superficial gaiety of the morning.

The baneful influence of such a character soon began to tell upon the weak and plastic nature of James Waters. First there came the temptation to take a friendly glass together—a temptation that was feebly resisted for awhile, but only for awhile, for who could be so churlish (so the matter presented itself to the young man's mind) as to continually oppose such friendliness as George Anson's? Then came the suggestion to go and see some billiard-playing. "A really scientific and interesting game," said the tempter, "and one you really ought to know something about—you ought, indeed. Keep you out late at night! oh no, no need for that. Besides, a man does not want to be always tied at home; he can be spared now and then for a little harmless recreation, surely." This temptation also succeeded. The music-hall followed; then the convivial gathering at the parlor of "The Crown"; and gradually from the steady, quiet "home-bird," as his companion laughingly called him, James Waters became a spendthrift and a drunkard. Pecuniary difficulties followed, of course. How could the income, which was only just sufficient when carefully administered to keep the little family out of debt, support the young man in the infatuated habits into which he had now fallen? Debauchery was followed at length by dishonesty, and one memorable evening, to his wife's unutterable anguish, James Waters was torn from the bosom of his family and carried away to shame and ignominy. After nearly two months of direst suspense he was convicted and condemned to penal servitude for five years. His heart-broken wife bore up till she knew the worst; but when at length all hope had fled, she sank beneath the load of shame and sorrow and penury which her husband's sin had cast upon her, and in a month from the date of his conviction, James Waters' children were left motherless. His friends and relatives, smarting under the sense of the shame in which their connection with him had involved them, absolutely refused to do anything for his children—all but one good creature, the poorest and least able of them all. The "Aunt Mary" of whom the child had spoken—a lone widow, maintaining herself with difficulty by the work of her hands—when she found that no one else would come to their help, committed herself and them to the care of him who is the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow, and took them to her own home. For nearly five years she had struggled on, and by denying herself every little comfort to which she had been accustomed by working early and late, and by teaching the children as soon as it was possible to do so to assist her in her work, she had contrived with God's blessing to maintain herself and them without absolute want. Her reward was the approval of a good conscience, the love of the children, and the grateful prayers and blessings of the now penitent sinner.

When the two children reached home on the evening of the conversation which has been recorded, they found Aunt Mary sitting by the fire with tearful eyes and with an open letter on her lap. She quietly folded the letter as they entered and placed it in her pocket; then, hastily brushing away her tears, received them with even more than her usual cheerfulness and affection. From these signs the boy judged that the tears he saw were tears not of sorrow, but of joy. The little Jenny was put to bed that evening rather earlier than usual. When she was gone, Aunt Mary laid her hand on the boy's shoulder, and said—"Jemmy, I've some news for you."

"Good news?" asked the boy, looking up with a smile.

"Yes, dear, glad news. Your father is coming home!"

"Coming home!" cried the boy, eagerly. "What, soon?"

"Very, soon, Jemmy. In three days. Here is his letter. Read it."

Jemmy took the letter, and sitting down, spread it out before him on the table. The letter ran as follows:—

"My dear, kind sister,—Thank God I shall be with you soon. Next Thursday this weary, weary time will end, and I shall be free once more. I should shrink from showing my face amongst you, though my heart yearns to see you all, only I know so well the generosity and sympathy both of yourself and of my dear boy. How shall I ever repay you for all your goodness? Please God we will get right away from all old associations; and with His help I am hoping and praying to be made even yet a blessing to you all.

"Let Jemmy read this. Although it is the bitterest cross of all to be thus degraded in the knowledge of my child, I am sustained by the consciousness of his sweet affection and his sturdy resolution to forget as far as possible the past, and to maintain his filial respect even for such a father as I have been. God bless him, and you, dear sister, and the little darling, innocent of the knowledge of her father's sin. How I long to clasp her in my arms again! I can say no more. God bless you all.

"Your grateful and affectionate brother,
"JAMES WATERS."

With tearful eyes the boy returned the letter to his aunt. In a broken voice he said—"I'm so glad he's coming, aunt! And Jenny, won't she be pleased?"

"Yes, dear. I wouldn't mention it till you had read the letter." Then, putting her arm around him, she said softly—"Let us thank God, Jemmy."

They knelt where they had often knelt together before, and in silent gratitude—for neither could speak—they lifted their hearts to God.

It was a bright cheerful morning when James Waters stepped out of the prison gates into the glorious sunshine, a free man again. With his eyes bent on the ground, he hurried away in the direction of his sister's residence. He had just got clear of the little group surrounding the gates, when a boy emerged from behind a corner, where he had been watching and waiting, and taking him by the arm, said softly—"Father!"

The man stopped suddenly, and trembling with emotion, clasped the boy to his arms. "God bless you, my boy!" he faltered. "God bless you!" Then he released him, and taking him by the hand, they hurried along in silence.

I need not describe the meeting between the released convict and his little family; the affectionate welcome of the sister who had been a mother to his children; the delight of the little Jenny, who did not even remember her father's face, but in whose heart the thought of him and the childish love for him had been fostered and kept alive by her brother's filial tenderness.

In about a week's time they removed to a locality where they were altogether unknown, and there, in a very low and humble sphere, James Waters began life afresh.

Need I say that his first step was to sign the temperance pledge, and that his bitter repentance for the past resulted, by the grace of God, in a change of heart, followed by a humble, careful walk and conversation; and that as the years rolled on, the aspiration of his letter was realized, and he became indeed a blessing to those who had remembered him so tenderly in his shame and punishment.—*British Workman.*

WORKING FOR NOTHING.

BY LIZZIE CHASE DEERING.

"I shall not be able to hire you after this week, George," said a pale, delicate-looking woman to a boy about fourteen years old who had been in the habit of getting her wood and water for her. "I find I cannot spare the money, and I shall have to try and do the work myself."

She said this in a very sad tone of voice; so sad that almost any one would have noticed it. But George Burch did not notice it, or the sad look in her face when she said it. The only thought in his mind was that he should lose his twenty-five cents a week he had been earning.

"Why? Don't I suit? I work as cheap as anybody, I guess."

"Oh, yes, you don't ask any too much and you do your work well. But the reason is only that I cannot spare the money, as small as the sum is. I hope you can find something else to do to take the place of this, I am sure. I wish I could keep you, for I am afraid drawing the water is going to be almost too much for me. Here is your money, George."

As he took the money and turned to go, Mrs. Noble called to him:

"George, I guess I shall have to get you to bring me an extra pail of water. I may feel too tired to get it myself in the morning. Here are three cents extra for it."

George took the three cents as a matter of course, and listened with satisfaction to hear them drop down into his pantaloons pocket with the other money he had just received.

After he had gone Mrs. Noble seated herself before her fire with a heavy heart. It was a gray November afternoon, and she felt more lonely than usual. She felt sick, too, and she wondered how, with her failing strength, she should be able to bring water from the well, split her kindlings and do the other work which George had been doing for her. She wished that she had spared a few cents more and got him to cut a few more kindlings, for it seemed to her she needed a day or two to get up courage enough to do it herself.

Perhaps it seems strange to most of you that it should seem such a burden to her—work that to you would seem so light. But Mrs. Noble had never drawn a pail of water or split a stick of wood. She had until recently had plenty of money and servants to help her. But within a short time death took from her her husband and only child. Misfortunes of various kinds, which boys and girls would not care to stop and read about, reduced her large property to a very small one, and the small one to an income so small as to hardly support her comfortably. After the death of her husband she removed to the little village of ——, and occupied alone the cottage of which I have spoken. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of the past, of the dear ones now gone, of the far-distant home of her youth, and of her present condition of loneliness and poverty. She had a brother, she supposed, somewhere in the world, but she knew not where. He had left home many years before, during some family trouble, and had never made known his whereabouts. He was probably dead. So, because she had no relatives, no special friend to whom she could go for help, and no money to spare for hiring her work done, she must try, sick or well, to do it herself. Little did George Burch think what a sorrowing heart he was leaving, although tears were in her eyes when she bade him good-by. Perhaps we ought not to expect a boy of his age to feel or show sympathy for such

a one. Still, I can so easily call to mind one of his age, now gone from earth, who would have been melted to tears by her tears, and would have exclaimed, eagerly,

"Never mind the money, Mrs. Noble. I will get the wood and water for nothing."

So there has been such a boy; and I know there are more. But George Burch was of another sort, and it must not be wondered at. From his earliest childhood he had been taught to get all he could and to keep it. "Make every cent you can, Georgie," his father would say, "and there's nothing to hender ye from being as rich as any of 'em." That had been his motto, though as yet he had not made himself very rich by it. He had, however, a good house and all that he needed. George seemed to be born with a love for money. He would never lose a chance to make a cent if he could help it. He was willing to work, and to work hard, not because he loved to work, although he really did love work better than study, but because he loved the money the work would bring. He was always ready to lose a half day's school for a few cents, and it was generally remarked by his schoolmates when he was absent, "George is out making a cent." George was never known to work for nothing. "No pay, no work," was his way of repeating the motto. When a neighbor wanted him to do an errand he had no hesitation in asking, "How much do you expect to give?" and if he found that he was expected to do it for nothing, even if it were right in his way, he always invented some excuse for not doing it. "Don't catch me working for nothing," he would say, with a shrewd look in his eye—a remark which his father always approved. So, of course, he had no idea of working for Mrs. Noble for nothing.

A few days after this, George and several other boys were playing in the yard adjoining Mrs. Noble's. Suddenly one of them shouted,

"See old Mis' Noble! She's dressed up nice to get a pail of water, ain't she? See her gloves!"

"I should think she was goin' to meetin'," added another. "Hope she won't catch cold!"

"No danger o' that," said a third. "Pity she hadn't a buffalo-robe to wrap 'round her head, on top of her big white shawl. She'd make a good scarecrow; wouldn't she, boys?"

At this the boys joined in a hearty laugh.

"I thought you did her chores, George," said a pale, slender boy, who had not yet spoken.

"Well, I did as long as she could pay; but when the money stopped I stopped. You know, I ain't one of the kind that works for nothing.' No, sir: you don't catch me doing that. I ain't so fond of work as all that."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Noble was struggling very hard to turn the heavy crank of the well. The cool November air made her shiver and cause her face to grow whiter than ever. Besides she had heard part of the remarks the boys had made, and she felt as if she must look very ridiculous. Her only thought in wrapping up so much was to protect herself from the cold, knowing by hard experience how she should have to suffer from any exposure. The nearer the bucket of water drew to the curb the heavier it grew; and as she stopped to lift it over, in order to pour it into her pail, her strength failed her, and she cast a wistful look toward the boys. That look was not lost on Ned Ingalls, the boy to whom George Burch had been giving his ideas about "workin' for nothin'." With one bound he cleared the low fence which separated the yards, and, seizing the crank, he said:

"Here, Mrs. Noble, let me lift the pail over. It is too heavy for you. I will carry it in, too."

"Oh, thank you, dear! but I don't like to trouble you. I find it hard, though, I confess, to get it in myself."

"It is no trouble at all. I am used to bringing water.

So he carried it in and put it in its place by the sink.

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Noble. "George Birch used to do this work for me; but lately I have been trying to do it myself. But it is quite an undertaking for me to get a pail of water. I find I have to wrap up as much as if I were going a long distance."

"I will come over and draw what water you need. I live near, and it will only take a few minutes."

"I should like to have you, but I cannot afford to pay you. I gave George up for want of money."

"Oh, I didn't mean to do it for pay. I will do it for nothing. I have plenty of time before and after school."

So, without waiting for Mrs. Noble to express her thanks, he bade her good-night and went away.

Ned Ingalls's mother was a widow. She was glad to get employment to help support her family, and to keep Ned at school. She did all the sewing she could get, and frequently took in washing and iron. So, really, Ned could less afford to work for nothing than George Burch and many of his other boy-companions. But, with all her work and all her poverty, she never lost a chance to teach her children to be kind to others, and to lend a helping hand whenever they could.

"You will never lose anything by doing for others," she would often say. "Don't expect to be paid always in dollars and cents."

George Burch was surprised when he found that Ned was doing Mrs. Noble's work.

"That's pretty queer," said he, angrily, "She said she turned me off because she couldn't afford to pay, and now she's gone and hired you. I'm glad, now, that I took three cents for that extra pail of water. I set out not to charge anything, but then I thought I'd better get all I could. That's father's way, and mine, too. He says I'm a chip of the old block, and I guess I am. Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm glad she didn't get nothin' out o' me but what she paid for. I s'pose you work cheaper. How much do you charge her?"

"Nothing," replied Ned. "It doesn't take long to get what little wood and water she uses, and she looked so sorter sick I told her I'd do it for nothing, as long as she couldn't afford to pay."

"Do it for nothin'! Well, you are a fool. All right. Go ahead. Guess you'll get sick enough of it before winter's over. I s'pose you'll shovel for nothin', and go to the post-office for nothin', and go after yeast for nothin', and do everything she wants done for nothin'. Well, I hope you'll lay up money. The bank won't be apt to burst while you are so prosperous. Do it for nothin'! Well, as for me, I'd rather work for something."

But Ned did not get tired of it before the winter was over. In fact, as time passed, he liked it better and better. Although he did shovel, and go to the post-office, and go after yeast, he did not feel as if he did it for nothing. He felt doubly paid when he came in, perhaps out of a drifting snow-storm, to meet her pleasant face, and to see her point smilingly to an extra plate on the little tea-table, which she had drawn close up to the fire, and to hear her sweet voice say,

"That plate is for you. You must have a cup of tea with me to-night; and here are some doughnuts which I made purposely for you."

Then, after supper, she would help him with his lessons, explaining all the difficult portions until she made them clear to him. This last was a great help to Ned, and he progressed so rapidly at school as to excite the wonder of his teacher and classmates. George Burch in particular, wondered what had given Ned Ingalls such a start. But Ned and Mrs. Noble knew. So, although she had not money to pay Ned for the work he did, she had many ways of helping him. It was she who knit his mittens, although it was often done with yarn ravelled from stockings her husband used to wear. It was her delight to make him pretty neckties from bits of bright silk she had in the house. Then they had nice talks about Ned's future prospects, and many a cheery game of checkers and backgammon; and often in the midst of their enjoyment, Mrs. Noble would exclaim:

"Why, Neddie, I don't know what I should do without you. But it doesn't seem right to have you doing my work for nothing."

"I don't do it for nothing: I think I am over-paid every week; so if you are suited I am sure I ought to be."

And so the weeks went by, and the months went by, and even the years went by, and little was said about Ned's doing the work except an occasional enquiry from George Burch, in a rather sneering way, if he still enjoyed "working for nothin'."

But this state of things could not go on. At the end of two years, George and Ned both left school to go to work. George went into the factory, and Ned got a place as clerk in a book-store on smaller wages. But he thought he should have some chance to study there, and though he had said nothing about it to any one besides his mother and Mrs. Noble he had a strong idea of trying to work his way through college. About this time a telegram came to Mrs. Noble, informing her that her brother was dead and urging her immediate presence in New York. So she closed the cottage and went away, and he missed her very much. But after a few weeks she came back, bringing with her a little girl, the only child of her brother.

Ere long it was rumored that the Widow Noble had bought the cottage where she lived. Soon additions began to be made to it. It was painted, and an ornamental fence was put around it. New and handsome furniture arrived, and many signs pointed to the conclusion that the widow had had a fortune left her. And so she had. Her brother had left a large property which was divided between his only sister and his child, whom he had confided to her care. But the greatest sensation of all was produced when it was announced that Ned Ingalls had left his place of employment, and, after a few months at the Academy, was to enter college.

"I don't see how you've managed to save money enough to go to college," said George Burch to him one day. "It's going to take a big lot, and you can't be earning much while you're there."

"No I shall not have much time to earn anything then. But to tell you the truth, George, I laid up a lot while I was working for nothing!"—*Christian Union.*

HOW ANIMALS PLAY AND ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur ack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*Passions of Animals.*

USE OF FLOWERS.

It's a trite and homely saying, "You can't eat your cake and keep it too," and we are obliged to square our actions with it pretty closely; but there is one peculiar satisfaction in the cultivation of flowers, for, in a certain sense, they are an exception to the practical operations of the rules of addition and subtraction, as embodied in the expression of them in the old and popular axiom above quoted. During the growing and blooming season of many of the best bedding plants and annuals the flowers can be cut freely and used, and the oftener they are removed the greater the amount of bloom. When plants are allowed to perfect seeds, they soon cease to produce more flowers, as the whole strength of the plant is necessary to mature the seeds. Therefore, if you want flowers, cut them and use them; place them on your tables, give them to your friends, and remember those that are sick, and perhaps, too, you may use them to help some one who is disheartened, or even to lift up a degraded one who needs, above all else, your sympathy. It would be sad indeed if objects so beautiful as flowers should be the occasion of growing selfishness. Give them with a liberal hand and he who sends the sunshine and the rain will bless you with increasing blossoms. A gift of flowers can seldom be inappropriate, either to young or old, and purity and goodness are painted on every petal. With the gift,

"Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth."

—*Vick's Magazine for July.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. *It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer.* In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

253. Which of the Judges was called to be leader of the children of Israel when threshing wheat behind a wine press?
254. To what tribe did he belong?
255. Where did the ten tribes of Israel worship after they revolted from the kingdom of Judah?
256. Who were described as "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ"?
257. What does Christ say about him that loseth his life for his sake?
258. Of whom did Christ say "She hath done what she could"?
259. Why was Joseph buried in Palestine?
260. When did an ass see what a prophet could not?
261. There were twelve rods laid together, and one of them budded, blossomed and bore fruit. Whose rod was this?
262. When were diseases cured by handkerchiefs and aprons?
263. Who said, "God is not man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent"?
264. On what occasion did he say it?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

229. The Book of Jonah.
230. Because they turned from their evil ways, Jonah iii. 5, 10.
231. See Matt. vii. 41.
232. Joshua set up a monument in the midst of the Jordan to commemorate the passing of the children of Israel over dry-shod, Josh. iv. 5, 7.
233. Timnath-serah in Mount Ephraim, Joshua xix. 50.
234. In Shechem, Judges xxiv. 32.
235. Abimelech, son of Gideon, Judges ix. 6.
236. Jotham, the son of Gideon, Judges ix. 7, 20.
237. Three years. A woman threw a stone from a tower which caused his death, Judges ix. 53.
238. Aquila and Priscilla, Acts xviii. 2.
239. To Ephesus, Acts xviii. 18, 19.
240. A wise son, Prov. x. 1.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1. Whose wife, forewarned in visions of the night,
   Pled for the cause of justice and the right?
2. What noble queen did for her nation plead,
   When they to cruel slaughter were decreed?
3. Of noble martyred hosts, who leads the van?
4. Upon whose name fell heaven's fearful ban?
5. Name the most ancient prophet who foretold
   That which our wondering eyes will yet behold;
   Himself the sample of what we then shall see—
   The mortal clothed with immortality!

A fruitage of the Spirit here you see,
The blest Redeemer's precious legacy.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 20.—David W. McGee, 12; Cora M. McIntire, 12; Ada L. Potts, 12; Helen Cranston, 11.

To No. 19.—Maggie Sutherland, 12; Arthur Hicks, 12; Linda Halewood, 11; Helen Cranston, 10; Richard Douglas, 10; Herbert W. Hewitt, 9; Edith Mary Hewitt, 8; Elisha F. Broadhead, 1; Robert L. Cook, 1.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON VIII.

Nov. 21]

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 44: 30-34; 45: 1-8.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

30. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life;

31. It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave.

32. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.

33. Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.

34. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come upon my father.

XLV.

1. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

2. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

3. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? and his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

4. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

5. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.

6. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest.

7. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

8. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12: 21.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Love endures and conquers.

NOTES.—It is well to gain a clear view of the order of the events in connection with this visit of the sons of Jacob to Egypt:—1. Their trial by Joseph. 2. Their repentance and Joseph's forgiveness. 3. Judah a surety for Benjamin to his father. 4. The feast in honor of Benjamin. 5. Trial of the brethren's feelings toward Benjamin. 6. Judah's story. 7. Joseph makes himself known. 8. His message to his father. 9. The joyful tidings to Jacob. 10. Pharaoh's message. 11. *Return of the brethren with waggons and* presents.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JUDAH'S PLEA. (II.) THE RULER A BROTHER.

I. JUDAH'S PLEA.—(30.) LAD.... NOT WITH US, Judah had become surety to his father for Benjamin's return; BOUND UP, Jacob had a special love for the son of his old age; the greater because of the supposed tragic death of Joseph. (31.) SORROW TO THE GRAVE, there is great pathetic power in the words of Judah, and they touched Joseph's heart. (32.) BEAR THE BLAME, *I who caused my brother to be sold to save his* life (33. LET ME ABIDE.... BONDMAN, Judah would now do more for Benjamin than he did for the lost Joseph. (34.) SEE THE EVIL, he offers his life for his brother.

II. THE RULER A BROTHER.—(1.) COULD NOT REFRAIN, the brethren had stood the trial; Judah's natural eloquence and noble offer had overpowered Joseph; EVERY MAN TO GO OUT, the Egyptians would despise a ruler if they saw him so moved by emotion. (2.) WEPT ALOUD, he had long restrained himself: now he gave way to his feelings. His house must have been near the palace, to be overheard by the royal family. (3.) I JOSEPH.... MY FATHER YET LIVE? this he had asked before, but now it springs out of his natural feelings almost unconsciously; TROUBLED, Joseph's strange excitement and tears terrified and amazed his brethren; perhaps, in a daze themselves, they feared the ruler was becoming crazy. (4.) COME NEAR, spoken, doubtless, in calmer tones, to reassure them. (5.) BE NOT GRIEVED, he had seen their sorrow over it; PRESERVE LIFE, not only here in Egypt, but your lives and all of our house (see verse 7.) (6.) TWO YEARS ... FIVE YEARS, by this he is preparing them for the invitation to move into Egypt. (8.) NOT YOU.... BUT GOD, you acted of your own will, but God used your act to save life.

LESSON IX

Nov. 28.]

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

Gen. 47: 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 7-10.

1. Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen.

2. And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh.

3. And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, What is your occupation? And they said unto Pharaoh, Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers.

4. They said moreover unto Pharaoh, For to sojourn in the land are we come; for thy servants have no pasture for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan: now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen.

5. And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee.

6. The land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.

7. And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh: and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.

8. And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?

9. And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.

10. And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh.

11. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded.

12. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—Prov. 16: 31.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Worldly rulers can aid God's people.

NOTES.—GOSHEN, "frontier?" a region lying in the north-east part of lower Egypt, and on the Mediterranean Sea, probably between the desert on the east and the Tanitic branch of the Nile on the west, and extending south to the head of the Red Sea. It was also called "the field of Zoan" or Tanis. Ps. 78: 12, 43, and "the land of Rameses," Gen. 47: 11, where the Israelites built the cities of Rameses and Pithom. Joseph placed his brethren in Goshen because it was a fertile region, "the best of the land," and also because it was nearest to Canaan, and, likewise near to him at the royal capital. This district is still noted for its fertility.—SHEPHERD. To swineherds and goatherds the Egyptians had a special aversion, as their monuments plainly prove, (see also Gen. 46: 31). All shepherds were regarded as of a lower caste, and not proper associates for the true Egyptians.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SONS AND THE KING. (II.) THE FATHER AND THE KING. (III.) THE NEW HOME.

I. THE SONS AND THE KING.—(1.) ARE COME, as invited by the king. (2.) FIVE MEN, some suppose the oldest were chosen; why all were not introduced, it would be difficult to explain. (3.) PHARAOH SAID, the king condescended to converse with them, even though shepherds; SHEPHERDS, see Notes. (4.) SOJOURN, to dwell. (5.) BEST OF THE LAND, as a special favor to his favorite minister, Joseph; RULERS OVER MY CATTLE, a position of value to both parties; Pharaoh found Joseph wise, why not his brothers also?

II. THE FATHER AND THE KING.—(7.) SET HIM, in a place of honor, worthy of the king and his guest; BLESSED PHARAOH, it was more than a "salutation," as some hold; it was a blessing," also (see verse 10). (9.) PILGRIMAGE, Jacob's life had been one of wandering in foreign lands; FEW AND EVIL, full of sorrow, from Laban; his sons; famine; etc.

III. THE NEW HOME.—(11.) POSSESSION, the land was all bought by Joseph for the crown (see verse 20), hence he could give it to his brethren; LAND OF RAMESES, or Goshen (see Note). (12.) NOURISHED, cared for, furnished.

TRIFLES.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and trifles indicate the bent of character. I saw Hettie reading the other day in a borrowed book, and when her mother called her she laid it carelessly, open, face downward, on a chair. It happened that Hettie did not return immediately, and before she had done so the baby had pulled the book by one corner to the floor, and Artie, running hastily in, had trampled upon it. Its condition would certainly be unpresentable when it should be sent back to its owner. My own impression of Hettie, who had seemed to be a very amiable young lady, was that she was unfaithful in small things. Had she closed the book and placed it on the table before leaving the room it would not have been injured. When I see a young girl with a torn dress, slippers down at heel, and a general lack of neatness in her home toilet, I am doubtful of her genuine love and respect for dear home friends. When, I know that Lucia is always late at church, I begin to wonder if she is not tardy everywhere else. When I hear Sara scolding Mattie for some small fault, I consider her on the road to become a termagant. Don't neglect trifles, girls.—*Christian at Work.*

DON'T DAWDLE.

The word dawdle means to "waste time," to "trifle." When a boy does a thing in a "poky," lazy way, he "dawdles" over it.

It is a bad thing to fall into a dawdling habit. It helps to make a boy unmanly, and a girl unwomanly. The dawdler's life is apt to be a failure. He does little for himself or for others.

"In books, or work, or healthful play," he doesn't amount to much.

Don't dawdle. Do things with a will, and do them well. You must not splutter or be "fussy" over your work. The fussy fellow can waste time in his haste as well as the dawdler in his slow trifling. Have a quick *eye and a ready hand and a patient heart,* always.

If you have an hour in which to do a half-hour's task, do it in that half-hour.

Get through on time, and then play with briskness and sparkling enjoyment. Do your errands promptly. Brush your hair with a lively hand. Sweep your room with decision in every motion of the broom.

Take one "degree" in a useful line. D. D.'s—Don't dawdle.—*S. S. Advocate.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

ANY PERSON INTERESTED IN Manitoba would do well to buy a copy of "The Letters of Rusticus," with maps, for sale at the MESSENGER Office; 82 pages, price 30 cents. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE and TOBACCO PLEDGE cards will be sent to any address in Canada for $3.00 a hundred. A sample sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in Packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonsventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.

PRIZES FOR 1880.

Our prize list this year not only contains many new prizes, but several old ones, which the experience of previous years shows that our workers delight to win.

30 CENTS.

Any person sending us ONE new subscription to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents, will receive A PEARL NEW TESTAMENT, bound in limp cloth

60 CENTS.

Any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a DIAMOND NEW TESTAMENT, bound in roan.

60 CENTS.

Or, any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a MOTTO and MAT, or the LORD'S PRAYER, in black and gold. These are on perforated card to be worked. (Canada only).

60 CENTS.

Or, any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATED MOTTO. (Canada only).

$1.10.

Any person sending us ONE new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or THREE new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a copy of THE WORLD IN PICTURES. This is a panoramic sheet containing the following views:—

LONDON.—London from the Thames, The Tower, Westminster, Houses of Parliament, Royal Exchange, Trafalgar Square, Holborn Viaduct, British Museum.

PARIS—General View of Paris, The Madeleine, The Notre Dame Cathedral, St. Cloud; Great Cascade, Versailles; Avenue des Champs Elysées, Place de la Concorde, Arc de Triomphe.

BERLIN—Monument of Frederick the Great, The Brandenburgh Portal, The Opera House and St. Hedwig's Church, The Royal Theatre, The Town Hall, The Royal Palace, The Emperor's Palace, Palace of the Prince Royal.

VIENNA—St. Stephen's Cathedral, The Imperial Opera House, The Cursaloon in the Town Park, The Danube Canal and Aspen Bridge, The Imperial Castle, The Northern Railway Station.

ROME—St. Peter's Cathedral, The Vatican, The Colosseum, The Capitol, The Pyramids of Caius Cestius, Adrian's Castle.

DRESDEN—Augustus Bridge, The Royal Theatre, Bruhl's, The Belvedere.

LEIPSIC—Market Place and Town Hall, The New Theatre, Augustus Place and Museum, Schutzen Scutzen House, N. Garten.

HAMBURG—Harbor and Sailor's Home, The Old Jungfernstieg, Alsterdamm and Lombard's Bridge, Wandrahmfleet.

SWITZERLAND—Lucerne and Mount Pilatus, The Lion of Lucerne, Vitznau, Gersau, Brunnen, Flueler.

NEW YORK—View of East River, City Hall, Windsor Hotel, Central Park Scenery, New Post Office, Castle Garden.

Thirty Views in all.

$1.10.

Any person sending us ONE new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or THREE new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive their choice of the following prizes:—A SET OF ALPHABET BLOCKS for the little prattler, A PAINT AND PENCIL BOX, or A PYRAMID INK STAND. (Canada only).

$2.20.

Any person sending us TWO new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, or SEVEN new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, will receive their choice of A BEAUTIFUL POCKET BIBLE with clasp and Psalms, an EASEL ALBUM, a small IRON PLANE, A MAGNET and BAR, or A COMPASS. (The last four for Canada only).

$2.20.

To any person sending us TWO new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or EIGHT new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a copy of DRESS AND HEALTH (new and enlarged edition of 1880.)

$3.30.

Any person sending us THREE new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, or FIFTEEN new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, will receive ONE DOZEN STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, or a BOX OF INSTRUMENTS, consisting of compass, pencil, pen and crayon holder. (Canada only).

$4.40.

Any person sending us FOUR new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS, or TWENTY new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, will receive their choice of a READING GLASS, a THREE LEGGED TELESCOPE, or an APPLE PARER. (Canada only).

$16.50.

Any person sending us FIFTEEN new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS will receive a LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE of great power. Canada only).

GENERAL REMARKS.

Canvassers in working for prizes would do well to carry with them a copy of our premium picture, CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, which is sold with the WEEKLY WITNESS at 25 cents, or $1.35 for the two.

By NEW SUBSCRIBERS is meant those who do not now take THE PARTICULAR PUBLICATIONS, and in whose family it is not taken. The mere change of a name does not constitute a new subscriber.

Two renewal subscriptions count as one new one.

Sample copies and all information required will be furnished on application.

Canvassing copies of our picture, CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, will be sent to canvassers for 50 cents, 25 cents of which will count on the first subscription.

We are preparing a prize list with special reference to the United States, which will appear in our next issue.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.